

IN THAT NEW WORLD
WHICH IS THE OLD

G. A. MACKENZIE


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THE STATE OF TEXAS
COUNTY OF TARRANT

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**“IN THAT NEW WORLD
WHICH IS THE OLD”**



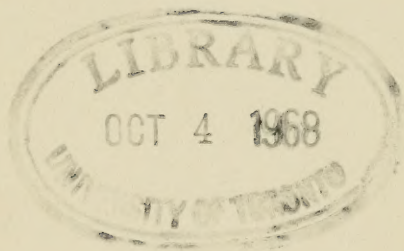
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“In that New World
which is the Old”

Poems of the New Life
by
George Allan Mackenzie

The Musson Book Co. Limited
Toronto London

PRINTED BY
HAZELL, WATSON AND VINEY, LD.,
LONDON AND AYLESBURY,
ENGLAND.



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8474
K45I5

*If Thought and Love desert us, from that day
Let us break off all commerce with the Muse :
With Thought and Love companions of our way,
Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,
The Mind's internal heaven shall shed her dews
Of inspiration on the humblest lay.*

WORDSWORTH

CONTENTS

POEMS OF THE NEW LIFE

| | |
|--|---------|
| “ In that New World which is the Old ” | Page 13 |
| The New Song | 14 |
| The Heir | 15 |
| Ministering Spirits | 16 |
| High Tide | 18 |
| Self-Knowledge | 19 |
| My Theology | 20 |
| Wisdom | 21 |
| Friends | 22 |
| The Sign | 23 |
| Via Crucis | 24 |
| Tolerance | 25 |
| The Watcher | 26 |

Contents

| | |
|---------------------------------------|---------|
| In Heavenly Places | Page 28 |
| Tre Fontane | 29 |
| Benedicite | 30 |
| Magellan | 31 |
| The Soft Answer | 33 |
| My Baby Sleeps | 34 |
| Mourn Not | 35 |
| Not Always Does the Star of Morning | 36 |
| In Quest of the Holy Grail | 37 |
| Reminiscences : I. At Mentone | 38 |
| Reminiscences : II. Torcello | 39 |
| "Compel them to Come in " | 40 |
| To a Humming-Bird | 42 |
| Penitential Tears | 44 |
| Liberty | 46 |
| Malcolm | 49 |
| My Strength, My Hope, My Joy, My Life | 78 |
| My Shepherd | 80 |

Contents

PARAPHRASES

| | |
|-------------------------------------|---------|
| The Sleep that Flits on Baby's Eyes | Page 85 |
| Why | 87 |
| My Servant | 89 |
| The Sword | 90 |
| The Bridegroom | 92 |
| The Parting Word | 93 |
| In His Presence | 94 |
| The Eternal Home | 95 |

Poems of the New Life

“IN THAT NEW WORLD WHICH IS THE OLD”

ONCE, like the Arab with his shifting tent
To some new shade of palms each day
 address,

My soul, a homeless wanderer, unblest,
Roamed all the realm of change, in purpose bent
To find a happier world, with banishment

Of that dull pain which drove away its rest.

Through fruitless years my soul pursued its
 quest,
Until with longing I was well-nigh spent.

And then I found God's Presence ; and the ray
Of that mysterious dayspring, clear and sweet,

Touched all the common things of every day,

And there in house, and field, and in the
 street

From childhood trodden by my heedless feet,
The long-sought world in dewy freshness lay.

THE NEW SONG

TIME was my heart, a lightsome troubadour,
Sang many an idle song, in ardent praise
Of fame, adventure, love—whatever sways
The soul to pride or passion ; but when the lore
Of Heavenly Wisdom opened, more and more
My heart grew weary of its empty lays ;
For who shall laud earth's idols, when he
weighs
Their glitter with the gold of Heaven's store ?

Almighty Ruler of my life and heart !
From Thee I've learned a new and nobler
strain—
An endless song of praise—since Thou apart
To Calvary's Cross hast led me, there to find
In that wan Figure on Its throne of pain
Beauty and Love and all Perfection shrined.

THE HEIR

LORD, Thou didst find me in a low estate,
And hadst compassion ; and with a breath
divine

Thou didst my churlish nature new-create,
And now a prince's rank and wealth are mine !
But in these days Thy prudent discipline
Moulds my nonage. In simple tasks I wait
Until the happy festal morning shine
When I shall enter on my larger fate.

Sometimes in thought I see the gates unfolding :
Soft splendours break about me : harmonies
Not heard of mortal ears, my fancy please :
Bright forms attend me : and Thou, Lord, up-
holding
My faint heart with the mercy of Thy glance,
Dost bid me to my rich inheritance.

MINISTERING SPIRITS

"Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister?"

WE do not make this earthly pilgrimage
Alone and unbefriended ;
Nor do we wage
Alone the truceless battle. Clear our sight,
And we shall see our way attended
By radiant beings, children of the light.

Before God's throne these ministers of grace,
With reverent expectation,
Look on His face ;
And when with intuition swift they read
His will, to every clime and nation
They post with joy to bless our human need.

And they are all about us, in house and street,
And if our hearts be pure and clean,
Their soft wings' beat
Shall reach us above the din of voices rude ;
And we shall catch their garments' sheen
Glimpsing upon us in our solitude.

Ministering Spirits

Oh sinless comrades ! as ye come and go
Shine sometimes on my yearning eyes !
Teach me to know,
In you, a link with purer worlds above :
Bid me be patient, strong and wise,
To serve, with you, a ministry of love.

HIGH TIDE

THE salt wave, of the quiet valley fain,
Has pushed across the sands. The talking
stream

Is silenced by its passing. Will it gain
The untroubled reaches where the lilies dream,
To bask in still content beneath the gleam
Of stormless skies ? No ; it has climbed in vain ;
For even now 'tis falling. I could deem
It breathed a long-drawn utterance of pain.

And thou, my soul, thou dost attain release
From mortal sadness in the fields divine
Where thou art often led ; but it is thine
To stay—how short a time ! below thy peace
The dark world travails, like the moaning sea,
And calls thee back to share its agony.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE

A T Bosworth when the King was slain—
On some quaint-lettered page I've read—
A peasant, loitering in the plain,
In startled homage bent his head,
Spying, upon a bramble's spray,
The royal crown, with dust-dimmed ray !

Failure, thou art a bramble bare ;
I looked on thee with bitter scorn ;
I saw the shine of something fair
And plucked Self-knowledge from thy thorn.
My prize I count a richer gem
Than his that found the diadem.

MY THEOLOGY

MY heart is done with argument,
And resting in a great content.
The questionings are ended now :
Doctrine and doubt are blended now
In one clear, simple, sweet refrain
That rises now, and now again,
Till its music doth my spirit fill ;
“ Be glad, be kind, be still ! ”

Be glad in the joy of an Infinite Love,
That guards and guides thee from above.
Be kind ; 'tis the least of the Master's tasks ;
Thou broken vessel, 'tis all He asks !
Be still, and fret not the way to know ;
The Lord shall tell thee where thou must go.
Let the peace of Heaven thy spirit fill :
“ Be glad, be kind, be still ! ”

WISDOM

'TIS good to know but better to be wise.
There are who, dowered with all the spoils
of thought,
The simple wisdom of a prayer despise ;
There are who weigh the stars and have not
caught
Their symphony of praise ; and many have
brought
Nature's dark things to light, who do not rise
To adore with Nature ; may our souls be taught
To look abroad with nobler enterprise.

Oh, purblind age ! so vain of reasoned lore ;
So dull in finer vision ! Sensual age !
Would that the Spirit of Wisdom might on us
pour
The grace to know aright, as on the sage
Who sang to Judah's harp, wiser in youth
Than all his teachers, because he kept the Truth.

FRIENDS

I WOULD not gain the hollow patronage
Of those poor souls whom wealth makes
seeming great ;

I would not, in a train of flatterers, wait
The Delphic utterance of some sophist sage,
Cultured and bloodless ; nor would I engage
In bootless traffic with those whose only freight
Is sordid plots and projects ; desolate
Were life, with friends like these, in grief or age.

Not such as these my choice ; but if there be
One whose clear eyes discern the powers divine
About his path ; wise through humility ;
In state most simple, yet too high to lend
His thoughts to aught ignoble—be it mine
To clasp him by the hand and call him friend.

THE SIGN

"In this was manifested the love of God."

"**W**HERE is Thy love, my Father?"
"Look afield:

Mark the soft cloud that dreams on
yonder hill—"

"Nay! from the cloud the red death leaps to
kill,

And soon the inconstant year robs wold and weald
Of all their gladness." "See, then, love revealed

In thine own being, and the gifts that fill

Thine easy lot!" "Thou sayest, Lord: and
still

Death darkens and this hour's peace must yield

To next hour's pain." "Nay then, if love divine

Thine own life prove not; if the prospect crowned

With loveliness proclaim not love, the sign

In death and pain shared with thee shall be found:

To Calvary's darkened hill lift up thine eyes,

And read love's perfect proof in sacrifice."

VIA CRUCIS

THY spirit pines for some ideal scene
Where it may find repose,
And from thy own disparaged land
Light fancy takes thee to the golden strand
Of the Mid Sea, or where, beneath their snows,
The mountains lean,
Or where the English meadows are soft and green.

But that elusive land is not far hence :
No ocean need be spanned
Nor width of continents :
Here are its rugged frontiers close at hand :
Here is its gate—a Cross !
If then wilt enter here, with loss
Of all thy pride, of all that flesh esteems,
Thou shalt discover the country of thy dreams :
Thou shalt possess the promised land,
Its groves, its purple fruits, its living streams.

TOLERANCE

I

THE truth thy soul has proved, unflinching
hold
Against ten thousand tongues ; but be not
bold

Another's truth with words to overthrow.

Deep in thy brother's heart may dwell
The reflex of some heavenly mystery
Thy insight cannot know,
And his own lips scarce have the skill to tell.

O pause then, and delay
Thy brother's vision to gainsay :
Rather be still, and listen patiently,
And try thy own heart well.

II

Who has all truth ? Not I, methinks, nor you.

Thy window, darkening with the ebb of day,
Holds one clear star benignant in thy sight.

The secret and illimitable blue
Hath countless other signs ; and God may light
My little casement with a different ray.

THE WATCHER

I

A VISION passing fair
Lives ever in my heart :
At home, abroad, in chamber, street and
mart,

Now clear, now dim—'tis always there.

The star-like legions in the vast profound
Of Heaven mass, and He who once did wear

The thorn upon His brow,

Triumphant now,

Is in their midst, a Monarch throned and crowned.

The King returns ! in the deep calm of power

The great adventure waits the appointed hour,

When the angelic rout,

In shining pomp and with a mighty shout,

Draws near, and when the trumpet loud shall call

The dead in Christ from hallowed sleep, and all

The watching saints shall to their Lord repair,

Treading with buoyant feet the viewless air.

The Watcher

This is the wondrous pageantry
Which the cleansed eye of Faith alone can see :
A quenchless gleam that goeth on before
 To win the unconquered soul
 To its resplendent goal :
A lifting sail that standeth in to shore,
 Across the tumbling foam,
 To bring the shipwrecked sailor home !

II

YES, Thou wilt come ! while every dying
 second
 Adds its one grain to build Time's continent,

A thousand years as but one day are reckoned
 With Thee, in Thy eternal firmament.
Men eat and drink, and buy and sell, and marry,
 And all the world with restlessness is spent :
Unhasting, undelaying, Thou dost not tarry :
 At the set hour Thy heavens shall be rent

And Thou wilt come. Then let me not refuse,
 Or soon or late the hour of Thy returning,
To watch for Thee, my Master, nor to use
 My single talent as in Thy presence, earning
For Thee some profit, though in lowly ways,
And, for myself, the fortune of Thy praise.

IN HEAVENLY PLACES

PROSTRATE, a prisoner, from thy quiet
room

Thou rulest firmly, in the household ways
Thy presence may not know ; swift as a loom

Thy busy fingers move ; with cheerful phrase
And look, thy life is as a song of praise.

What is thy secret, that no shade of gloom

Darkens thy face ? What makes, through weary
days,

This place a palace that were else a tomb ?

Though with us still thy living form doth dwell,

Thou art not here ; to some divine retreat,

Through weariness and pain, thy spirit hath
come ;

Thou art not here, within this narrow cell ;

In some celestial chamber thou art at home,

Seated, like Mary, at the Master's feet.

TRE FONTANE

BEYOND the walls of Rome you may take
heed
Of the "Three Fountains," near the
"Ostian Way."

You know the pious legend : here, they say,
Where Paul's grey head was rolled upon the mead,
Three springs gushed up to bruit the bloody deed,
Which, still up-welling from the sacred clay,
Their three-fold witness render to this day.

Such is the tale : you marvel as you read :

But how or whence it came it is not mine
To say : nor is it mine to set at naught
The simple faith that deems it truth divine.
In God's school there are many natures taught,
Some to the third heaven are swiftly caught.
And some are children, asking for a sign.

BENEDICITE

O H, all ye works of God, lift up your voice
And bless the Lord ! Let the arched
 empyrean,

With starry splendour pulsing, now rejoice ;

 Ye winged tempest, chant your sounding pæan :
Answer, ye deeps, and let the land accord

 Her tribute—rock, stream, tree, hill, vale, frost,
 flame,

In grateful concert magnify the Lord :

 Bless ye the Lord, and praise His holy name !
And you, ye sons of men : ye priests who dwell

 Within His temple gates : ye lowly souls
Whom God Himself hath taught, His Israel—

 Oh swell the ceaseless harmony that rolls
From ordered Nature up to Nature's King :
Bless ye the Lord : His praise for ever sing !

MAGELLAN

THERE is no change upon the deep :
To-day they see the prospect wide
Of yesterday : the same waves leap :
The same pale clouds the distance hide,
Or shaped to mountain-peaks their hopes of
land deride.

On and still on the soft winds bear
The rocking vessel, and the main
That is so pitiless and so fair,
Seems like a billowy, boundless plain
Where one might sail, and sail, and ever sail in
vain.

Famine is there with haggard cheek,
And Fever stares from hollow eyes :
And sullen murmurs rise, that speak
Curses on him whose mad emprise
Has lured men from their homes to die 'neath
alien skies.

Magellan

But he, the captain, he is calm :

His glance compels the mutineer :

In fainting hearts he pours the balm

Of sympathy, and lofty cheer :

“Courage ! a few more leagues will prove the
earth a sphere.

“The world *is* round : there is an end :

We do not vainly toil and roam :

The kiss of wife, the clasp of friend,

The fountains and the vines of home

Wait us beyond the cloud, beyond the edge of
foam.”

THE SOFT ANSWER

MY child and I had fallen out ;
She, being grown, would have her way ;
Estranged and cold we went about ;
My heart was dead the livelong day.

To break her pride or change her view
Both threat and argument had failed ;
At last a gentle word or two,
The mild appeal of love, prevailed.

And in a sudden, passionate rain
Of tears, her cheek to my cheek pressed,
She clung to me, while joy and pain
Made war together in my breast.

For with prophetic questioning,
I pondered what the unpitying years
Would yield this wilful, wistful thing,
What dole of love, what dower of tears.

Yet I was glad, for sympathy,
And insight new, and tenderness
More than a lover's, rose in me,
Awakened by that wild caress.

MY BABY SLEEPS

THE wind is loud in the west to-night,
But Baby sleeps ;
The wild wind blows with all its might,
But Baby sleeps ;
My Baby sleeps, and he does not hear
The noise of the storm in the pine trees near.

The snow is drifting high to-night,
But Baby sleeps ;
The bitter world is cold and white,
But Baby sleeps ;
My Baby sleeps so fast, so fast,
That he does not heed the wintry blast.

The cold snows drift, and the wild winds rave,
But Baby sleeps ;
And a white cross stands by his little grave,
While Baby sleeps ;
And the storm is loud in the rocking pine,
But its moan is not so deep as mine.

MOURN NOT

MOURN not as one who would not be con-
soled,
Nor smite thy breast and passionately cry
That there exists no power in earth or sky
To bless thee ; oh, it is not so ; behold,
This weight of woe that like a stone is rolled
Upon thy spirit, Love did so dispose,
And Love can draw a blessing from thy woes
And peace from tears ; then for a little fold
Thy hands in silence ; God doth not forget
The patient waiting of the meek ; His might
Stands in fair shapes by Resignation yet,
As once the angel stood, serene and bright,
Beside thy Master upon Olivet,
In the sore anguish of that Paschal night.

NOT ALWAYS DOES THE STAR OF MORNING

NOT always does the star of morning, bright
In silver harness, run before the day ;
But often in a flush of angry light
It breaks on eyes that wish the night away.

The prosperous day that yieldeth us increase
Of the soul's wealth, with hope of fruitful years,
Shall rise in gloom. The river of our peace
Draweth its pure flood from a fount of tears.

IN QUEST OF THE HOLY GRAIL

I WOULD be with thee, that I might rejoice
In all my charmèd sense holds so endearing ;
To look into thine eyes, to hear thy voice,
To feel my heart grow light at thy appearing.

I would be with thee, but a dearer tryst
Claims our two lives, and thou and I must
fashion

Our steps to journey in the path of Christ,
Beyond the taint of earth, or touch of passion.

I would be with thee, yet, apart, the tie
That binds us spirit to spirit shall not be broken ;
I know thee nearer when thou art not nigh,
And hear the language of thy heart unspoken.

REMINISCENCES

I

AT MENTONE

THOUGH citron boughs are hung with gold,
The sober olive trees unfold
No gaudy tribute to the day,
But droop, like friars plain and grey,
Whom thoughts of Heaven hold.

“ Sermons in stones ! ”—Ah, yes ! And these
Grey branches have their homilies.

“ Live not to glitter in the day,
But choose, with us,” they seem to say,
“ The dear humilities.

“ Of modest service ; cast aside
The pomp of outward show, and hide
Thy life in calm, unnoticed ways ;
Seek thou from Heaven thy meed of praise,
Though all the world deride.

“ Be still, and spread thy soul to greet
The bounty of the rain and heat,
Which Heaven pours on thee from above ;
Reach out and upwards to the Love
Which makes the life complete.”

Reminiscences

So speak the trees beside the sea,
The trees that stir vague thoughts in me
Of Holy Land, of Kidron's vale
By Salem, and the garden pale
Men call Gethsemane.

II

TORCELLO

I LOVE in memory to recall the day
When on the dim lagoon our gondola
Crept towards Torcello; how the sudden
glow
Of far-off Alpine ridges wreathed in snow—
Things, not of earth, but rather of the skies—
Pierced the light haze and faded from our eyes;
Shone out and faded, like the stainless tents
Of some angelic army, or battlements
Of the celestial city whose pure gleam—
In that immortal vision which befell
The Bedford prophet in his prison cell—
Cheered those worn pilgrims at the darkling
stream.

“COMPEL THEM TO COME IN”

I WAS a beggar of most evil fame,
Uncleanly, ragged, full of sores and scars :
Steeped in deceits and sunk in shame,
The hedge my bed and husks my daily bread,
Never a baser thing crept under Heaven's stars.

Before the palace of the King I strayed,
And saw the splendid casements filled with light.
A feast for the King's Son was made.
With sordid hate, I cursed their royal state,
Lifting my impious hands, out there in the black
night.

A marvel then ! I saw the doors wide swung,
And in a burst of light and joyous press
Of music on the darkness flung,
Straight to my place, with swift, composèd
pace,
The royal servants came, swift and with strong
duress.

“Compel them to Come in”

With strong duress unto the palace gate

They dragged my unwilling feet and held me
fast.

Lo ! there the Prince Himself did wait.

On my distress and ragged nakedness

He looked, and His gold-broidered cloke about
me cast.

O dear compassion ! Heavenly ruth ! O true

And knightly deed that won my callous breast

To shame and love ! In that high retinue

I stood with lowered brow. But the King said,

“Thou

Hast honour of my Son : henceforward be my
guest !”

TO A HUMMING-BIRD

THOU vagrant melody, light crown
Of rainbow mist above the flower,
Rifler, with touch like thistledown,
Of blooms that meekly yield their dower
Of sweets to thy soft and yet imperious power,

Gay, flashing, flickering, fairy thing,
Embodied zephyr, shimmering sound,
Whence hast thou come on gauzy wing
To my strait plot of city ground ?
Whence hast thou come and whither art thou
bound ?

Hast thou been where the Northern wave
Breaks half the year on coasts of snow ?
Hast thou flashed on the dreary cave
Of the squat, stolid Eskimo
With the keen splendour of thy tropic glow ?

And now, thy merry summer jaunt
Completed, dost thou wisely fare
Homeward, to some safe jungle haunt,
Whither 'mid close-locked boughs repair
Strange feathered things of plumage rich and
rare ?

To a Humming-Bird

I marvel at thy countless leagues
Of travel ; how, secure from harm,
Thou bravest perils and fatigues ;
I marvel how thy tiny form
Weathers the drenching rain, the driving storm.

Thou art fled ! my garden seems bereft
Of all its beauty ! yet some sense
Of joy and blessing thou has left
Behind thee, as a recompense,
Which shall remain when thou art flown far hence.

A sense of joy, that He whose hand
Shaped thee and all things sweet and fair,
Hath pleasure in the thing He planned.
A sense of trust, in Him whose care
Pilots thy course through the uncharted air.

PENITENTIAL TEARS

THOU sorrowful thing, thou art a wounded dove !

A cruel shaft of swift Mischance hath found
Thee, in thy rosy flight through dreams of love,
And cast thee to the ground.

Weep out thy heart now ! Let the salt tears flow,
While I, who hardly may command
My lips to speak, caress thy pale, thin hand.

While I caress
The golden head that is brought down so low,
Weep on, and let thy broken words confess
Thy self-accusing grief, thy hopelessness.

Weep thy hot tears ! They fall on Jesus' feet,
More precious than the spikenard : let them pour !

A joy thou hast not known before
Awaits thee with the free and full release
From all thy weak and erring past. The Voice
That Mary heard shall bid thee "go in peace,"
And thou too shalt rejoice.

Penitential Tears

Thou shalt rejoice and thou shalt bless the loss
And the immeasurable pain,
That drew thee nearer to the Saviour's cross.
Thou shalt look back and bless the woeful hours,
And these abundant tears, beneath whose rain
Thy life shall prosper, like a fruitful plain
Made glad with summer showers.

LIBERTY

"The Truth shall make you free."

THERE is a darker prison than walls of stone
Have ever made, the self-sufficiency
Of unawakened souls, who dream they're
free.

Thrice blest is he who shall have learned his own
Unransomed nature ! When he makes his moan
To Heaven for freedom, there shall surely be
Some white-winged messenger, with ministry,
Of light and life, commissioned from God's throne.

'Twas thus I lay in ward, when to my side,
With touch as tender as a mother's kiss,
Came Truth, an angel kind, and bade me rise ;
My fetters fell : the sullen doors swung wide,
And I was free. How softly gleamed the skies !
How Heaven's breath thrilled me, with a new-
born bliss !

Malcolm

I

The story narrated in the following poem is
supposed to open and close in Canada.

MALCOLM

I

MALCOLM was fond of theories, and loved
To pack opinion into parcels trim,
And in the pleasant spring of life, that
deems

Its buds full-blown, he made himself a creed.

“ Old faiths are out of fashion : I believe

In love : a simple creed, but it will serve.

‘ Incomprehensible,’ I’ve done with thee

And all the brood of formless phantasies.

Henceforth in travelled highways of the known

I walk unawed. Man needs not more than love

Love that knits man unto his fellow-man.”

Thus Malcolm dreamed and knew not all his need.

Now in those days, those foolish, generous days,
Malcolm had one near friend, light-hearted Eric,

Whose gift it was to spur the lazy hour

With song and jest and story, and to win

The smile from sadness like the sudden gleam

That warms a wintry sky. His, too, the gift

Malcolm

To listen, and to lend an easy ear
To the large claims of Malcolm's eloquence,
Onslaught on custom, speculation vague,
Strange plans for fashioning the world anew.
For Eric liked the new philosophy,
Not loth himself, if it were possible,
To banish that stern power which with the gloom
Of its accusing presence dimmed the light
Of natural joy, and checked the natural bent
With "Thou shalt not," turn wheresoe'er one
would.

They walked as friends together, well content
One with the other, and the seasons passed.
But one day when the skies were clear there came
A trouble in the air, the name of Eric
Whispered about, with hints and rumours dark :
Then clearer warnings of a shameful deed.
The gossips buzzed, breathless and wide of eye,
And Malcolm laughed aloud, incredulous.
But Eric made no sign, and Malcolm knew
His soul grow sick within him when, forthwith
The law stretched out a rough relentless hand
And held young Eric, on the grievous plea
That he had robbed his masters, the great firm
Known in a hundred markets.

Malcolm

Oh the shame,

The sorrow of it ! for the word was true.
Before the seat of judgment he was brought
A wan white ghost : there serpentlike his sin
Uncoiled itself to do his name to death.
The game of stocks, with its forced ebb and flow
And lust of gain unsanctified by toil,
Had lured the lad. He had not meant to keep
The lost securities : they had been pledged
To bear his ventures through : a fond excuse
And pitiful, that could not stay his doom.
They led him forth a felon, and the world
Was different to Malcolm from that day.
Thenceforth he chose no heart to share his own
But walked alone, and all his thoughts were sad.

But when the years, the silent years had sped,
And Eric's name was but a memory,
And Malcolm's young disquietude had reached
A restless manhood, then there rose to him,
Once more, that dream of life complete in love.
It chanced to him—if chance in truth there be
In the strong hand which holds our destinies—
To look on Mary : all his being thrilled,
And one swift thought possessed him : “It were life
To love, to live for, such a one as this !”

Malcolm

Mary was worth a true heart's loyalty ;
She was a gracious maiden, sweet and still,
Tender, yet self-controlled : a light divine
As of the sunlit hills from whence is help
Dwelt in her tranquil glance : and where she came
Came truth and duty and a happier world.
Malcolm spoke with her : for a time their lives
Mingled their currents ; and he gave her all
His heart, and lived in reverent thoughts of her.

But Mary took no thought of love, and when
Malcolm in ripening intercourse betrayed
His soul's unrest, denials, murmurings,
She bore with him ; for often in the blind
Bewildered fancies noble feeling glanced,
And Mary, musing with herself, would say,
“ Surely the Master draws him, for he seems
Near to the Kingdom : ” and she prayed for him.

So passed the days and love's unuttered pain
Ached in the heart of Malcolm ; yet he held
His secret long for shame of his unworth ;
And Mary did not know her power on him
And took no thought of love. But when at last
The tide of feeling brimmed and flowed beyond
The wonted bounds of will, then Malcolm spoke.

Malcolm

“ I love you, Mary : all my hopes, my aims
Recur to you, as to the north recurs
The balanced needle : all I am is yours.
Wherefore, I pray you, let this gladness shine
Upon my life—tell me that I may hope
To gain you, and, some day, to call you wife ! ”

Surprise, with mingled pain and sweetness, shook
The heart of Mary : it was pain to learn
That unrequited passion : yet 'twas sweet,
'Twas very sweet, to know herself beloved.
A moment and she wavered, but full soon
Sweetness and pain o'ermastered, she replied :
“ The plighted troth of fairly mated souls
Is sacred, sacramental, showing forth
Christ and His Church. Yet marriage is a means
And not an end : a stair whereby the soul
May scale the steep height of the Heavenly Love.
I am a poor, weak girl ; often my faith
Faints and cries out for guidance in the path
To that high end : yet there my life must climb.
You are most generous, yet you blame the quest
Whose unseen goal the spirit only sees,
And bid me find in this low vale of death
The motive and reward and sum of all.
Oh ! friend, dear friend, on diverse roads our hopes
Are journeying : yet in the Eyes that see,

Malcolm

Doubtless, in some far-off completed world
Their meeting-place expects us : now apart
Our journeys lie : wedlock is not for us
That only weds the hearts whose hopes are one."

Malcolm was silent, for her words revealed
The gulf between them ; and as the exile sees
The waters widen and the green shore sink
Far in the vessel's wake, and thinks that there
All that is dear in life, his father's house,
The fields his feet have loved, kindred and friends
Are sinking, rapt for ever from his ken,
His share, the cold grey seas and memory—
So then it was with Malcolm : all the worth
Of life seemed fading and the desolate years
Rose up, apart from Mary : for a space
A flood swept through him, grief and bitterness,
Drowning all thought and speech ; but presently
He gathered all his manhood and he spoke :
" Mary, if there be such a love, a love
Better than all, divine, embracing all,
I pray that it may bless you."

And he went
Out from her presence.

And the darkness fell
On Mary, bowed upon her face, in tears.

Malcolm

II

II

MALCOLM went forth, and earth and air
and sky
Seemed purposeless and vacant, and all
men,
As though by some mechanic force impelled,
Hastened, a secret sorrow at each heart.

And now his daily necessary tasks
Which chained his limbs, but left the mind at
large
A fretful vagrant, galling at the best,
Were hateful to him. One fierce wish was his,
To fly from scenes which everywhere invoked
His broken dreams : to traverse sea and land,
Haply to tire the wing of memory
And gain some shore secure and far beyond
The thought of Mary. Sometimes, too, the world,
The fairy world of travel, which had glowed
Oft in his eyes a rosy mystery,
Like a sea-cinctured island in the dawn,
Invited him, with promise of some charm

Malcolm

In magic cities, silent mountain peaks,
Clear rivers winding under storied towers,
Potent to win the spirit from itself
And teach it to forget.

Three cruel months
That were as years, wore themselves out at last,
And then the intolerable bonds were rent :
Malcolm was free, the world before his face.
Resistless, soundless, like the march of thought,
That ever widens towards the vaster truth,
The river bore him seaward : and the sea
Was terrible around him ; and from out
The level wave stood up the elder sphere.

He stood upon the enchanted soil—for so
Across his fancy it had smiled—where art
And poetry and chivalry had grown ;
And soon 'twixt scented hedgerows strolled, and
cots

Of rose-embowered happy villages ;
And now among the palaces of trade
In proud rich capitals, whose life sleeps not
But ever pours a careworn hurrying throng ;
Beneath the pinnacles of solemn fanes,
Religion's calm embodiment, his heart
Bent in strange awe, what time the voice of faith

Malcolm

Strove in the yearning organ-symphony.
The sunset splendours of eternal snows,
Lakes that, like gentle hermits, entertain
Heaven in their hearts, dark gorges, crags and vales
All passed before him. Now he mused upon
The mournful monuments of vanished power,
Grey columns, shattered arches, crumbling walls ;
And in the long art-vistas, where the ranks
Of lifeless forms and groups, wistful dumb souls,
Seem pleading for the dust that shaped them forth
Against oblivion.

He saw it all,

The great world-picture : and in all appeared
Some look or tone of Mary. No fair thing
Rapt him to larger being, but at once
The pang of self-remembrance pierced his soul,
And straight he knew himself, alone, bereft
Of joy, hope, faith, a whim of destiny
Tossed with a madly-spinning helmless world
Through endless nothingness.

A joyless year

Crept round with halting step, and Malcolm knew
That his small store, saved from a former time
And by despair, the spendthrift, harboured ill,
Had ebbed to its last coin. Then Malcolm drained
The cup of sorrow, in the stranger's land,
Too proud to stoop for pity, penniless.

Malcolm

But since, though loathing life, he still would live
He set his hand to toil and in a town
Girt with a wide black plain, where engines
groaned

And giant chimneys fouled the helpless sky
In sullen rivalry, he gained a mean
Hard service. By the greedy furnace fires
That raged like blood-crammed beasts of prey,
and shot

Red gleams of anger over roof and wall,
'Mid base and gloomy men of alien speech,
Did Malcolm labour. Hard it was and mean,
And oft he wondered what undreamed of power
Within, mayhap without him, day by day,
Bound him to that vile place and made him live.
Yet day by day he laboured, and it seemed
Not worse than roaming, and to gaze, and wear
The mask of interest, and dream that change
Of place is change of heart.

There is a star
That watches o'er the night of souls perplexed
In waterless waste places, souls that know
Desert and darkness only, everywhere ;
No clue in the blank void, no voice that cries
In all their wilderness : fain would they give
Their hearts' last sigh unto the foul bird's beak
Whose slow wing circles o'er them. But, behold,

Malcolm

That thin cold ray aloft whose shining stands
Above a Christ commands them, "Rise again !
Follow ! my leading will not do thee wrong."

That pale star's name is Duty. Other light
Malcolm had none in this his darkling hour.
But this at least was truth, 'twas right to yield
An honest service for his daily wage.
To this he held, and all beside was night.
So meekly, in despair's dead calm, he worked,
Yet faithfully. And when some months were gone
A keen-eyed overseer spoke him fair
With promise of preferment, and betimes,
From his low place amongst the gloomy men,
To loftier duties Malcolm passed, and charge
Of letters sent across the fog-wreathed wave
To neighbouring English markets.

In the depth

Malcolm had been, and from the depths he rose
Subdued, nor yet unthankful for his gain.
And now, their strange tongue grown less strange
to him,
With grave habitual courtesies he drew
His fellows to him : sometimes, too, found ease
Of his own pain in pain of others shared.
For suffering had touched the frozen spring
Of sympathy within him, and the form

Malcolm

Of Mary stayed with him a higher self,
As long-lost forms stay with us of the good,
To bid him act that which his heart approved,
To make him sad yet pure.

Through din and smoke
The grey days travelled o'er that low flat land.
Malcolm in honourable toil aspired
To live his destined term ; and in the hours,
The heavy hours of leisure undesired,
Had solace in the simple fellowship
Of weakling folk. He listened to the tale
Of the worn mother crossed with household cares,
Endured the tedious tongue of age, or now
Sat by some wasted sufferer whose eyes
Were large with looking for the healer Death.
But more than food and raiment, men's respect,
Blessings of grateful lips and ministry
Of gentle deeds and words his soul desired.
Doubt, like a flame that smites the waving wood
And leaves it desolate, a spectral troop
Of piteous gaunt forms, swept through his mind
Full often, and the withering sense that all
Was vain and meaningless.

There was a child
Who had grown dear to him, a tender thing

Malcolm

Springing in harsh untoward circumstance,
Like the rock-rooted harebell, to a mould
Divinely pure and fair. Comrades in walks,
The boy had often cheered his elder's mood.
One day he sickened : Malcolm, sore dismayed,
Watched the slight spirit fail and strive and pass
Into the undiscovered world : then heard
The childless mother's cry, and rose and walked
Between the steep-roofed houses, sick at heart.

In the slow-gathering gloom he walked and paused
Where a small church, its portal free as God's
Great love is free, tendered its peace. Slowly
He entered, with a purpose half defined.
He was alone : upon the rough bare bench
He cast his weary limbs and darkly mused.
“What does it mean ? Labour and loss and woe :
Labour and loss and woe : what does it mean ?
And I, poor fool, I thought to frame a faith,
And with my little taper thread the gloom
Of this Cimmerian cavern life, ‘That souls
Should live by love’ ; fond fool that did not know !
What can love do ? Love cannot cleanse the
breast

Which holds our trust from vile hypocrisy :
Else had I not lost Eric. Nor can love
Compel another's love, else had I known,

Malcolm

Haply, the hunger of my heart allayed.
And now this nursling that an hour ago
Flew to my vacant heart with its young warmth
To leave it cold so soon : the desolate cry
Of that fond woman robbed of all her joy—
Ah me ! ah me ! Love cannot conquer Death.”
On his clasped hands he drooped disconsolate
And still repeated, “ Cannot conquer Death.”

Above him hung, for comfort and reproof,
A rudely-carven effigy which told
The sorrow of all sorrows. Presently
He looked and mused and held it with his gaze,
And gazing listlessly was half aware
Of that he saw, till to his dreaming ear
These few words seemed to float from some far
shore
Adown the silence, “ Love *has* conquered Death.”

As a kind touch they came : the gate of tears
Swung softly open : and—like the mariner,
Who hears the surf boom faintly through the fog
In anxious watches, while a weight bears down
His spirit, till upon the moment falls
A change : the veil is lifted : sea and sky
And the low line of shore stand forth unmarred
Where all was grey confusion—Malcolm seemed

Malcolm

To lose a burden : doubts and questionings
Melted like mists beneath the rays of noon :
The open secret of the world lay bare
Before him, and the Love that, all unfelt,
Had been the angel of his lonely way,
Now claimed him in the thorn-crowned Nazarene.

Malcolm

III

III

THERE is a harmony of nature's choir,
Voiceless, yet to the lowly spirit clear ;
The planets in their paths ; the constant
change
Of light and dark, of seasons, moons and tides ;
The miracle of form, of life, of growth,
Attuned to one large theme, " There is a plan,
And Love is in the plan." In Malcolm's ears
This strain exulted, and the dissonance
Of pain and loss blended with its deep flow.
The light of purpose shone across the world,
Transfiguring all. It was another world :
That dim new world for which the spirit grieves,
And haply, after many wanderings, finds
In scenes and tasks despised. Labour was light :
The dingy town a goodly dwelling-place :
The smoke-grimed sons of toil his fellow-heirs
Of hopes as boundless as eternity :
And in a sacred joy the hours went round.

But when the rich dawn of the great awakening
paled
Towards sober noon, a longing crept on him

Malcolm

To see his native country once again.
And still, half-hidden from himself at first,
Then taking strength and moulding all his will
To one set purpose, stole another wish,
To look on Mary's face. Their lives had touched
Strangely in the Love-ordered scheme of things :
And then had parted, wanting the one link
Which Love had strangely forged : what hindered
now—

If Mary knew, if Mary did but know—
That their two lives should merge, a single will,
A mutual light and strength in noble aims ?

So Malcolm toiled and prospered and laid by,
And when two years had nearly run their course
Passed from the dingy town and giant flues,
Passed from the low flat country, and again
Looked on the shoreless trouble of the sea,
And sailed between his native cliffs, and soon
Beheld the ancient haven and the roofs
Which cluster round its memory-haunted steep.

Waked in its death cold trance by early airs
From sun-warmed everglades and golden groves,
Between its granite portals seaward swept
The river of the north. The citadel
Couched lion-like above the quaint grey town :

Malcolm

And, where a width of terrace meets the brink
Midway between the fortress and the flood,
Walked Malcolm, as the April night came down.
In the dusk stream a few long merchantmen,
The welcome heralds of the summer fleet,
Slept at their anchors : on the farther crags
Glanced the bright roofs and spires : and far away
On one dark peak lingered the day's farewell.

His heart was glad for all the loveliness,
And for the sorrows of the past, which seemed
God's ministers, severe yet kindly, charged
To lead him to his peace. And then he thought
Of Mary : would he see her soon ? at all ?
And straight a cloud fell on him, for each step
That brought him nearer to his long-nursed hope
Woke anxious questioning.

Enwrap in thought
He paced the ample level : and at length
Marked one whose downcast mien and motionless
Boded a mind that grieved. Him Malcolm passed,
Repassed, and looked, and stood all-dazed, aware
Of him who once had dwelt within his heart,
Its inmate loved and unsuspected, doomed,
Dishonoured Eric.

Malcolm

Malcolm recoiled : the thought
Of fondness ill-bestowed and faith betrayed,
And the dark stain that was upon the man,
Steeled all his soul. But, as he turned, a sigh
Broke from the outcast's breast, most pitiful.
Then Malcolm turned again and mused awhile,
Noted the meagre frame and sorry garb,
And melted and came near and softly spoke.

“ What, Malcolm—you ! ” and Eric drew away.
“ Nay, Eric, shrink not : I am Malcolm—yes !
And still, because we have been friends, a friend :
And you—forgive me—but I think you need
A friend : you look so pale and sorrowful :
And you are lightly clad for this keen air.
Come, slip your arm in mine : my evening cheer
Waits for me in a quiet house hard by,
And we must sup together : come with me.”

He led him tenderly, and the young days
When life was careless and this one its fount
Of bubbling merriment rose up through tears ;
And Eric's heart revived, and when the blaze
And liberal bounty of an old-time inn,
And pity, not the least, had warmed his veins
His tongue was loosened and he told his tale.

Malcolm

“ Oh, Malcolm, if a sin can be atoned
By suffering, I have suffered : and I know
That suffering has atoned : yet not mine own.
I was thrust down amongst the dregs of men.
I hated them, I who abased my wit
To wake their dreadful mirth, more fallen than
they.

My heart was hardened, and my life each day
Slipped down to lower levels. This I knew
And I abhorred myself. Belief in God
I had not, nor in man ; in naught but hell,
For in my breast I bore the fires of hell.

I would have died, but durst not, for, beyond,
I saw my torment, ever deepening, robbed
Of the faint hope of change which eased it now.
And change at last befell. Week upon week,
What time the bells rang o’er the Sabbath fields,
Armoured in purity, a fair sweet girl
Sought out our prison-house, solicitous
For the dark spirits that were dying there.
I heard her speak of Righteousness and Love :
Slowly my eyes were opened and I saw
The horror of my sin. And then I knew—
What I had known and yet not known—that One
Had died for sin. I saw Him lifted up
Upon the cursed hill, ’twixt two like me ;

Malcolm

And I who had reviled Him turned and read
The Godhood in His face, and was at peace."

So spake the convict brokenly, his speech
Failing at times beneath the weight of thought,
And Malcolm listened wondering and glad.
Then Eric, self-contained : " 'Tis just a year
Since she was wed. I saw them both. He was
Worthy of her, a strong and helpful soul,
Commissioned with the evangel unto men.
Now, where another Britain springs beneath
This world of ours, they dwell; and ere they
went

They bade me come to them when I was free.
And I am free, my doom not fully spent,
Because I have been faithful in the tasks
Of my captivity. And I am here
To find a ship for England. I shall work
My passage there : thence to the far new home,
To live my life again and cleanse its blot.
In a dark hour you found me, hungry, cold,
A pauper, spurned by burly captains when
I asked employment ; but you came, and hope
Came with you, and my heart is strong once
more.

And, Malcolm, I am glad to see your face
And say, ' Forgive me ' : I was false to you.

Malcolm

My thoughts soared not with yours. You had
large plans
That would reform the world——”

“ Hold, Eric, hold !
My plans are humbler now ; and it is I
Who need forgiveness : for you looked to me
Who with false lights misled ; but tell me now,
This fair white soul, this chosen of God who
brought
The true light, who was she ? ”

Then Eric named
The name of Mary. Malcolm heard and moved
Nor limb nor feature, but in secret knew
That he was wounded sore, and held his peace.
Eric ran on, relating many things
Of Mary’s praise—his own life—his resolve
To expiate the past.

Malcolm sat by
Grave, silent. When at last the copious flow,
Long-pent and affluent, of Eric’s words
Dwindled and ceased, Malcolm adventured
speech :
“ Eric, you surely are not built for this
Rude service of the sea : I marvel not

Malcolm

The burly captains looked askance at you.
But hearken now : I have been prosperous :
This purse—I do not need it—I had plans ;
But now—no matter ; I’ve no need of it.
The post of old days here is open to me :
I shall fare well : but you—take it, my lad :
Let the dead past be buried : sail away
Over dividing seas, under new stars,
And make the coasts of promise ; and tell her,
Malcolm, your brother—and her own (since all
Who love the Lord are kindred)—blesses her
Whom God hath used a light to wayward feet.”
And when with kindly importunity
Eric’s opposing will was overborne,
And all the slow months’ hoard (a tithe held back)
Was safe in Eric’s hands, Malcolm rose up
And walked beneath the stars that coldly gleamed,
Where a white road crept ghostlike through the
land,
Beyond the shadowy walls, and all was still.

But in the breast of Malcolm there was strife,
And the chill night had flung her deepest gloom
Upon the earth ere he could stoop and say,
“ Affianced of my soul ! Redeemer, versed
In sorrow’s uses, praised be Thy name !

Malcolm

Mine eyes were dark and Thou didst make them
see.

Yet for Thyself, my Master, for Thyself,
And not for her, though pure, the light was given.
And now I thank Thee, Who hast drawn my heart
Nearer by this denial. Thou art wise,
And Thou hast willed it. Praised be Thy name ! ”

When Malcolm rose he saw the world dark-rimmed
Against still depths of blue ; the river shone
Between its dusky banks ; and, like a soul
Cleansed of all stain and trembling on the verge
Of sinless being, dawned the morning-star.

MY STRENGTH, MY HOPE, MY JOY, MY LIFE !

IF in the fierce soul-strife I fail
And sink disheartened to the dust,
In Thee, O Lord, I put my trust,
And, reinforced by Thee, prevail
Though all the hosts of hell assail.

Or if, beneath the load of care,
I yield to grief and heaviness,
Thou shinest, Lord, on my distress,
My radiant hope, and cold despair
Melts in the bright and lambent air.

What joy of earth but has its sting ?
Its fear, its lack, its emptiness ?
Lord, with true gladness Thou dost bless,
For where Thou comest Thou dost bring
Both joy and its eternal spring.

When pride and vain ambition led
I dreamed I lived, yet did not live ;
I lived not, Lord, till Thou didst give
Thy living touch. O Dear and Dread,
What touch but Thine can wake the dead !

My Strength, My Hope

My strength, my hope, my joy, my life !

Thou art my comfort and my health,

My fortress and my mine of wealth,

My world with harmless pleasures rife,

My strength, my hope, my joy, my life !

MY SHEPHERD

Psalm xxiii

THE fields are blithe and green,
The little river windeth in and out ;
All peaceful is the scene
Where the Good Shepherd leadeth me apart ;
Here is no care, nor fear, nor doubt ;
Oh, rest thee well, my heart !

The Shepherd bids me rise
And quit with Him the pleasant pasture-land :
Its peace is with me still.
Yonder the valley of the shadow lies
Where the pale spectre sits with shrouded eyes :
My Shepherd leadeth, staff in hand :
I fear not any ill.

In the lean desert waste,
'Mid jealous foes, His prudent care will spread
An ever ample board.
Renewal in His cup of life I taste :
On my hurt limb, or bruised head,
His healing oil is poured.

My Shepherd

The broad sun above
Quenches his torch in caverns of the deep,
And shadowy hands unlock
The doors of night : soon I shall sink to sleep
Soft-pillowed on my Shepherd's love,
Safe-folded with the flock.

Paraphrases in Verse

The following poems are paraphrases in verse
from the English prose translations by
Rabindranath Tagore of some of his own
poems in the original Bengali.

I

THE SLEEP THAT FLITS ON
BABY'S EYES

THE sleep that flits on baby's eyes,
Whence does it come? Can you surmise?

Yes! In a cool, deep forest glade,
Where glowworms dimly light the shade,
They tell of a fairy village shy,
Where two enchanted buds hang high;
Thence, borne by fairy fingers, flies
The sleep that kisses baby's eyes.

The smile in his sleep, that will twinkle and go—
Where was it born? Pray, do you know?

Yes! for a rumour floats about—
A rumour—its truth I dare not doubt—
That a crescent moon, with a pale, young ray
Touched a cloudlet's edge, ere it melted away,
And there, in the dream of a dew-washed morn,
Baby's flickering smile was born.

The Sleep that Flits on Baby's Eyes

And where was it hidden—that soft, fresh glow
On baby's limbs ? Does any one know ?

Yes ! in a day that is long since fled,
Ere baby's mother was grown and wed,
With the first sweet dawning of love, it stole
Into the depths of her dreaming soul,
And there lay hidden—the soft, fresh rose
That now on the limbs of baby glows.

II

WHY

MY little darling, when I bring
A gift for you—some painted thing
Some gaudy little coloured toy—
And mark your eager, childish joy,
Your sweet, exuberant, eager, childish joy,—
Full well I know why summer prints
The flowers with all their lovely tints,
Why clouds above and waves below,
With ever changing colours glow.

Sometimes I sing to you, my dear,
To make you dance and dry your tear ;
Then, when I watch the music's beat
Waken the rhythm of your feet,
The dear, imperfect rhythm of your feet—
I well know why the rippling breeze
Is whispering music in the trees,
And why, to listening earth, the sea
Chants its deep-noted melody.

And when, most excellent of treats,
I fill your chubby hands with sweets,

Why

And watch each morsel as it slips
Between your pretty Cupid lips,
Your little, greedy, pursing, pouting lips—
I know then why the flower holds up
The drop of honey in its cup,
And why the garden's luscious fruit
Draws juicy sweetness from the root.

Or when I kiss you, to beguile
My darling's grave look to a smile,
When I kiss you, love, and trace
The pleasure spreading in your face,
Your dainty, dimpled, rosy, roguish face—
I'm sure I know why morning bright
Sheds joy and gladness with its light,
And why there's such a touch of bliss
In the cool wind's pleasant kiss.

III

MY SERVANT

MY servant came not, though the sun was
high :
No water from the well, no meal in view,
My clothes untouched ! the hour went by,
And still he did not come ! my anger grew.

I fumed : at last he came, and humbly bowed :
Whereat my pent up wrath began to pour ;
“ Begone, you knave ! ” I cried aloud,
“ Get hence, and let me see your face no more.”

He looked at me, and paused, and then replied,
With low and husky voice and head down bent,
“ Last night my little daughter died ” ;
Then turned and to his task in silence went.

IV

THE SWORD

WHEN thou wast by my side, I longed to
deck
Myself with the bright wreath that
bound thy neck,
Yet dared not ask ; now, like a beggar, I search
For some stray petals of the rose's wreck.

There is not one, not one ! and thou hast bade
Farewell, nor any dear love-offering made—
No flowers, nor spices, nor sweet-perfumed
vase !
But what is this I find ? thy glittering blade !

Ah, cruel love ! to mock my heart's desire
With such a gift and such an omen dire !
Thy sword ! that is a thunderbolt in weight :
Thy sword ! that smiteth like a flame of fire !

What shall I do ? Good sooth, I cannot wear
A gem that crushes me : I may not dare
The neighbours' scorn, yet cannot hide the
thing :
It wounds me, pressed against my bosom bare.

The Sword

So let it be, sweet lord ! the gift I take,
Its honour and its burden ; for thy sake
I'll wear it in this woman's heart of mine,
Even though the woman's heart, beneath it, break.

Thou givest me Death for comrade—with my life
I crown him king ; no more shall fear be rife
Within this breast ; thy sword shall lead me on
To victory, in all my mortal strife.

With it my lifelong fetters shall be rent ;
No smiles and tears and coquetry content
My life henceforth ; no doll's adornments now ;
This sword shall be my only ornament.

V

THE BRIDEGROOM

O DEATH ! the crown, and not the end
Of life, for thee my yearning eyes
Keep watch through joys and miseries ;
Come, whisper to me, Death, my friend !

Thou knowest my hopes, my aims incline,
My love and longing flow, to thee ;
Then linger not, but look on me ;
One piercing glance and I am thine !

Haste, Bridegroom, to the loved one's door !
For thee is woven a garland fair.
Music and mirth and light are there ;
Haste thee ! and when the feast is o'er

The bride shall leave her home, her own
Kindred and friends and house alight,
And in the deep and silent night,
Shall meet her wedded lord alone.

VI

THE PARTING WORD

WHEN I resign this mortal breath,
Be this my witness at the last :—
I've seen what shall not be surpassed,
Bring what thou wilt with thee, O Death !

I've sipped the hidden honey-dew
Of life, the mystic lotus-flower,
That spreads in splendour and in power
On tides of glory, out of view.

Be this my final message too :—
Playing within this playhouse bright,
'Mid infinite forms of all delight,
I've seen the Formless One shine through.

And I have felt my being stirred,
Responsive to the touch intense
Of Him who is beyond all sense
And touch. Be this my parting word !

VII

IN HIS PRESENCE

LORD of my life ! Lord of one little life,
And Lord of all the worlds that people
space !

Meek and with folded hands,
I stand before Thee face to face.

Silent, alone, beneath the unmeasured arch
Of Heaven's dome, wherein with awe I trace
Thy wisdom and Thy skill—
I stand before Thee face to face.

In this life's labour ; in the stress and strife,
The noisy chaffering, the tumult base ;
Amid the hurrying throng—
I stand before Thee face to face.

And when my work is done, and good and ill,
O King of kings, commended to Thy grace—
Speechless and all alone,
I'll stand before Thee face to face.

VIII

THE ETERNAL HOME

THEE, Infinite God, with my whole being,
I greet !
Let all my senses, in abasement meet,
Spread out and touch the world beneath Thy feet.

Let all my mind, like summer rain-cloud bent
Low to the earth with weight of showers unspent
Bend low to Thee, in worship reverent.

Let all my songs, in their diversity,
Finding one channel to a silent sea,
In voiceless adoration wait on Thee.

Like homesick cranes that seek their mountain nest
With tireless flight, let all my life, in quest
Of its true home, strive to Thy sheltering breast.

PRINTED BY
HAZELL, WATSON AND VINEY, LD.,
LONDON AND AYLESBURY,
ENGLAND.

